

A
P O E M
O N
C H E L T E N H A M
B E A U T I E S,

BY THE REVEREND.

EDWARD PICKERING RICH, A. M. of
NORTH CERNEY, Gloucestershire.

T O-MORROW (Heav'n permit) I'll steal away,
And leave my Dear Ones, innocently gay.

But O! before I take my sad Farewell,
I must, I will, my pretty Beauties tell.

A heav'nly Sweetness decks a WHITBY's Face,
In my Esteem, first Beauty in the Place.

Next *her*, the springing, flow'ry MARCH appears;
Sweet to behold, and tender in her Years:

But then this sweet, this tender, lovely Dame,
Good God! has got a *rifled*, marry'd Name.

But who's that little, pretty Widow there,
Come from Old BRITAIN?-----PHILIPS, good and fair:
O! may a second Bridegroom fill thy Arms,
And greedily devour all thy Charms.

Come then, ye sweet, unopen'd Virgins, rise,
And hear your POET praise you to the Skies.
BACON, the Top of all, sits Beauty's Queen;
A Virgin Beauty, of superiour Mein.

O! ye soft ROCKS*, be soft; brisk DOLPHINS† play;
Miss HILL, and piercing BROGRAVE lead the Way:
The charming HOWS and CAMPBELL decorate my Lay.
But none among my Beauties can be found
Equal to Devon's WOOD‡, for Sense renown'd.

CHELTENHAM, Aug. 11, 1750.

* *The Miss ROCKS.*

† *The Miss DOLPHINS.*

‡ *Miss WOOD, of Exeter in Devonshire.*